

THE NEW PLAYS

"The Pigeon" In the Village.

By CHARLES DARTON.

It is kindness rather than charity that John Galsworthy has put into "The Pigeon," much the same sort of kindness that moves you, perhaps, to give a coin to the poor beggar who sidles up to you in a dark street, feeling it may do him some good and knowing it can do you no harm. You are likely to get this notion at the Greenwich Village Theatre, where Edward Goodman's production of the sympathetic play compares favorably with the one given by Winthrop Ames at the Little Theatre ten years ago.

Galsworthy would doubtless shrink from the thought of charity, or at any rate consider it as something far beyond his means. If we are to judge by his "Pigeon," a painter with only enough money to keep his daughter and himself in the humblest circumstances. Yet this simple philanthropist shelters a rummy old cabman, who has been driven into the ditch by motor cars, a flower girl with her moral sense forced to the level of the streets, and a French vagabond who not only accepts his lot as inevitable but is inclined to glory in it. They

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THE Equity is out with a statement from Executive Secretary Gillmore opposing the plan to double the tax on theatre tickets to raise money for the ex-service men's bonus. Such action, Mr. Gillmore asserts, would throw thousands of actors out of work.

"The Equity is not opposed to the bonus for ex-service men," says he. "The acting profession has always sympathized with these men in general, and our members have participated in countless benefits to raise funds for sick or jobless veterans. But we think it most unfair that the bonus should be raised by a plan which proposes to double the tax on our industry without any provision to get income from the hundreds of other industries which are equally available as sources of revenue. As citizens we expect to bear our fair share of the bonus taxes, but we resent unfair discrimination."

YANCSI AND MARRIAGE.

Rossika and Yancsi Dolly, back in New York for a five weeks' engagement in Keith Vaudeville, find the old town has changed since they sailed away to England more than two years ago. Yesterday they tried to count the new theatres but failed utterly. Yancsi, known to her friends as Jennie, then spoke a few words on the subject of wedlock.

"One reason why I am not Mrs. Harry Fox now," she said, "is that I realized it is a mistake for an actress to marry an actor. We are still congenial and, if he were in New York, I would sail him up and have a chat. He's a dear, sweet boy, but I just knew it was a mistake to have a husband in the profession. Road trips force husband and wife apart, temptations follow and loneliness is bound to bring new friendships. I would never advise any actress to marry an actor."

We agree with Miss Dolly. It's much better to marry a banker and take him and a checkbook right along with you.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

"There's something wrong with my son Jim," said Mrs. Stiles Greer. "I don't know what's got in the boy, he acts so awful queer. He sits around and mumbles low well, almost half the night, and now and then he'll grab his pen and set down quick to write. Last night I heard him say, 'Dear one, the flower of my heart!' And then he turned around and for the table made a dash. And shortly after that he says, 'Be mine, oh, blushing rose!' And once again he grabbed his pen, to write it down. I spoke. Pa says he thinks the boy's at work upon a valentine to send some girl. I hope he is. My lord! No child of mine has ever had such mumbled spells like those that come to Jim. If he continues doing it, we'll Dr. Jones for him."

HONORING MONROE

THE Friars made Frank Monroe of "Thank-U" their guest of honor at a dinner and entertainment at the Monastery last night. A letter from John Golden, Mr. Monroe's manager, hinted that he intends to make him a star some day. After mentioning Frank Bacon and Frank Craven, the letter said:

"Bill Smith and I hope to see the time when Monroe will be the third in our gallery of Franks."

POLLING THE HIPPODROME

A poll at the Hippodrome shows that 22 per cent. of the patronage of "Get Together" comes from outside the New York commuting zone, the

are like so many stray, mangy dogs from the London Embankment. What is to be done for them, since they will do nothing for themselves?

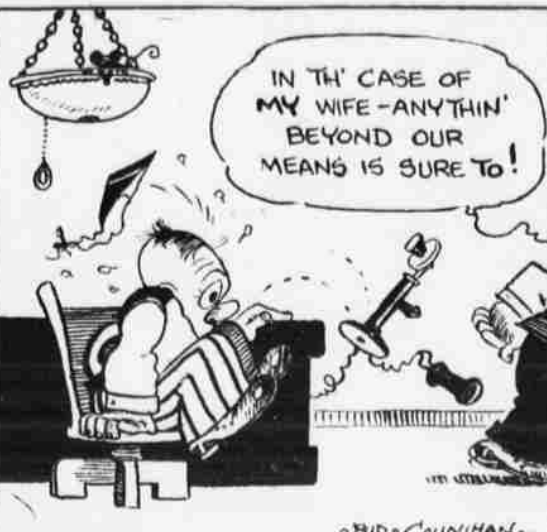
No one can deny the daughter's argument that they are all rotters. But "The Pigeon" cannot forget they are only human like himself, and so he permits himself to be plucked. The "cabby" drinks his benefactor's whiskey, the vagabond makes love to the girl, and after having her fling with the rascal she throws herself into the river, only to be dragged out and carried off to the nearest police station. All these discouraging circumstances are accepted by the painter, who cheerfully proceeds to move to cheaper quarters as a result of them.

The play is an interesting study of character. Little more, and it is well acted. For one thing, Whitford Kane makes the painter a homespun character suggesting much in common with the people about him and never patronizing them by carrying kindness too far. The truth of his performance stands for its possible imitation. As the disreputable old "cabby" Herbert Bruce is thoroughly real and racy. Georges Renavent makes the vagabond utterly worthless, though he never touches the character with the glamour that Frank Reicher gave it at the Little Theatre. With her half-starved look Edna Games is a pathetic flower girl. If there's any pity in you "The Pigeon" will bring it out.

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



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Just Aim High and Shoot!

Screenings By DON ALLEN

NOW IT'S SYMPHONIES. Visual Symphony Productions has started something. The members of the producing company also they will finish what they started.

The company intends to produce visual symphonies by showing on the screen just exactly what was in the minds of famous composers when they were composing their masterpieces.

The first release will be Saint-Saens' "The Dance of Death," the screen end of which will be interpreted by a cast of widely-known players.

As far as Saint-Saens goes, it's all right, but what Screenings is waiting for is the picture they throw on the screen when they synchronically symphonize Mr. Berlin's "Alexander's Rag Time Band."

DON'T NEED 'EM.

Luis Ross, motion picture matinee idol of Mexico, waited in yesterday. Although for a time he had it all over Wally Reid, Rodolfo Valentino and Ben Turpin when it came right down to being the popular hero in the land of the trijili, Luis is said to be moving very fast below the Rio Grande and the idol business is rather slack.

"What's the use of being a movie idol in Mexico," muses Luis, his eyes sparkling like unto the beams of his native heath, "when they don't need movies? Whenever any of my people want excitement they don't have to go to the movies—all they have to do is to go into the street; that's movie enough for ANY one."

AN OLD CHESTNUT.

Edward Martindel, screen actor, was born in Hamilton, O., and, of course, always carries a horse chestnut, or buckeye, the State emblem, in his pocket. He gathered the nut from a tree growing in a graveyard and believes it is a sure cure for rheumatism.

"I plucked the buckeye when a lad," noted Ed, recently, "and have carried it until it shines like a ruby. The folks all vow and declare it will ward off rheumatism. I don't know whether to believe them or not. All I know is that the only time I have had to lay off the doctor diagnosed my cases as rheumatism."

"Believing in the efficacy of my buckeye, I didn't believe the doctor, but I was ill for six months. Maybe I nipped a buckeye that's a liar; who can tell?"

"CAMERA!"

William Farnum was host at a dinner and a private showing of "A Stage Romance," his first film for a year, last week. His guests were Lambs, Friars and screen writers. The dinner was fine. So was the picture.

"Pardon My Nerve" is the title of Buck Jones' latest offering. Well, maybe it needs an apology. Some films do.

William Fox has just purchased the screen rights to "Shadow of the East," M. H. Hail's latest story. If the movie folks would try to brush aside some of the "shadows" that are darkening their West, it would help a whole lot, too.

Barbara Bedford is reading a column for John Gilbert.

The photoplay writing course at N. Y. U. is soon to have a complete photographic and projection outfit in the new psychological laboratory. Dean James E. Louga says he will have his classes to study reaction a well as action.

Motion pictures will be taken during the fine arts ball at the Hotel Astor Thursday night. Well? We don't care, either.

Allen Holubar spent last week shooting seaside scenes for "The Soul Seeker." He had good luck. The editing of Norma Talmadge's "Smilin' Through" is about completed.

Continuity of Marshall Neilan's "Pools First" is complete. Shooting starts at sunrise.

Announcement comes that Mabel Normand is busy filming "Suzanne."

Mabel is "busy" all right, all right, but well wagers she hasn't given much thought to acting for the movies lately.

Rupert Hughes left yesterday for the West coast after a hectic holiday in New York. He spilled a lotta talk about the movies while here, some of which was printed.

Tom Gallery, a Goldwyn player, says he would rather sit in the orchestra.

LITTLE MARY MIXUP



The Lesson Was Lost!

KATINKA



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Bring 'Em Right In, Mister!

same being estimated at 100 miles in various directions. Twenty-two States are represented, on an average, at each performance of the Hippodrome's show.

JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE!

Jim Mulhauser, who is recruiting movie stars for personal appearances in theatres, writes them as follows: "Why stay in Los Angeles to be murdered when you can come to New York and die on the stage?"

Marie Cattell of "Frank Fay's Fables" wishes the world to know that—

Little drops of water, Which we used to think Only good for chiggers, Are now the whole darn drink.

And Arthur Rosenfeld, the Picture-France poet, wishes your ear long enough to say—

I am young; must have my fling, My heart I throw at Edith King, The way she plays a country girl Has put my brain into a whirl, She is my dream.

FOUNDATIONS REASONABLE!

"Prohibition," writes Frederic Warren, "is going to make us change some of our old favorite plays. I am expecting every day to hear that 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' has been re-

RHYMED PROPOSALS

Pasquale of Gowanus thinks he'd like to take Miss Cohen to his farm after visiting the Marriage License Bureau and having the knot tied. Miss Cohen, who recoiled, is the girl who wants to wed a farmer lad. Pasquale certainly is willing to be that lad. Looky!

I've read Miss Cohen's proposal And I would like to say, If she really wants a farmer, I'm hers without delay. I own some cows, an auto, I own some land and chicks, A keg of good old applejack, Oh, lady, how it kicks!

Good common sense I boast of, Like sports, am full of fun, Arise at 3 each morning Ahead of Mister Sun. You if Miss Cohen wants this life, She's sweet, can cook and sew, Just let her write; I need a wife! Won't we have fun? Yes, but!

written into "Ten Nights in a Blind Tiger."

LISTEN TO THIS: "If you can find room in your radio column," writes Al Rosenberg, who lives in Brooklyn and deserves it, "for an item of theatrical interest, you

might use the appended. Last Saturday my brother Louis and I saw "Bombo" and visited Al Johnson in his dressing room. Lou told Al some new jokes and Al told them to the audience, making quite a hit."

Excellent, Mr. Rosenberg, but where is the item of theatrical interest you speak of? (That'll hold him for a while!)

GOSSIP.

The "Pins and Needles" chorus doesn't sing—not even "When My Ship Comes In."

"Marion Lane" will be played Feb. 21 for the benefit of the New York Hospital Nursery.

Minnie, the Hippodrome cat, has run herself thin since the Ducos Brothers began imitating birds in "Get Together."

Floyd Garrett, recently of White's "Scandals," is singing in the Proctor Theatres.

Branch O'Brien, who underwent an operation recently, is fast regaining his strength.

Lottie Biscoe has been engaged for a leading role with William Faversham in "The Squaw Man."

Elsie Janis's dog, Princess Moumme, is greatly perturbed over the publicity Laddie Boy, Gamelle's pet, has been receiving.

Joseph Santley has returned to "The Music Box Revue" after winning the decision over Kid Gippie. Another player who has gone back

to work after being ill is Cora Witherspoon of "Lilies of the Field."

Ed Wynne has sent us a comic valentine. Now look where, Ed—don't you insinuate that we look like you, Ben Ali Haggin has arranged a living valentine for to-morrow night's performance of "The Midnight Frolic."

Manager Harry Cort has cut out the Wednesday matinee of "Frank Fay's Fables" and will put in mid-night performances after the regular ones at the Park Wednesday evenings.

C. W. Butcher addressed the members of the Keith Boys' Band at their club room last night on "Opportunity." E. F. Albee has arranged to have the boys hear substantial talks at regular intervals.

Mary Garden is having a box party at the performance of "The Mountain Man" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre this afternoon. Her parents are among her guests.

The Messrs. Shubert have engaged Fay Marbe for the cast of "Little Miss Raffles," which they will stage in the near future. It is a musical comedy.

This is the final week of "The Chocolate Soldier" at the Century. The next attraction there will be "The Rose of Stamboul," opening Feb. 27. Rosamond Whiteside will have a role.

Leo Ditrichstein has gone back to "The Great Lover." He revived this comedy last night in Detroit and will

The Day's Good Stories

THE REAL DIFFERENCE.

"I CAN'T see why that man is boss over me. I do most of the work around here."

"I guess that is so."

"It is, I know more about the business than he does. Whenever he wants to know anything about what's going on he comes to me to find out."

"That's usually the way."

use it for a tour which will take him to the Pacific Coast.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY. Mary doesn't rouge her lips; neither does she paint. Is she a hit among the men? I'll tell the world she ain't.—Olin Howland.

FOOLISHMENT. I know an old man in White Plains who never goes out when it rains. "I hate," he confessed, "to see the high dresses that's wore by society ladies."

I'M THE FELLOW THAT OUGHT TO BE THE BOSS.

"A lot of men think that way, and yet there's one big difference. He knows something that you don't."

"What is it?"

"He knows enough to hire good men like you to do the work. If you knew that you'd be the boss and he'd be in your place?"—Detroit Free Press.

A WET AND DRY ARGUMENT. WHILE questioning prisoners with a view to selecting honor men, the other day, Warden Thomas of the Ohio Penitentiary drew from a Southern Negro his idea of what constitutes a wet and dry argument.

"What brought you here, Sam?" the Warden asked.

"A lil' cuttin' scrape, boss," Sam replied.

"Had you been drinking?"

"A lil'."

"What started the fight?"

"An argument."

"Was it a wet and dry argument?"

"Yes, sah, boss. It was a wet and dry argument. Myself and the Nigger Ah was drinkin' with run out of beer. Ah sat him to get some more beer and when he refused Ah busted him one. He busted right back and then Ah done a lil' cuttin'." It was a wet and dry argument, boss.

FROM THE CHESNUT TREE. "They named the baby Limburger."

"Why?"

"So they could find him in the dark."